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Hay Wrightson

Lady Elizabeth Shirley

Lady Elizabeth Shirley is the elder daughter of Earl and Countess Ferrers, of Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Since 1942 she has been serving in the W.R.N.S. Lady Elizabeth has one brother, Viscount Tamworth, who is now sixteen years old, and a sister two years younger than herself



British Officers Decorated by General Bradley

General Omar Bradley, Commander of the 12th Army Group, recently presented medals to a number of British officers. Amongst those decorated was Brigadier E. O. Herbert, O.B.E., D.S.O., who received the Legion of Merit (Degree of Officer)

Major-General F. G. Fielden, O.B.E., received the Legion of Merit (Degree of Officer); Colonel D. I. Strangeways, D.S.C., O.B.E., the Legion of Merit (Degree of Legionnaire); Major-General Sir Percy C. S. Hobart, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the Legion of Merit (Degree of Commander); and Colonel O. B. S. Poole, O.B.E., the Legion of Merit (Degree of Legionnaire)



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Renown

GENERAL COURTNEY HODGES's First American Army has won enviable renown in this most vital stage of the war. Their crossing of the Remagen Bridge has altered the whole situation on the Rhine, as events are beginning to show. At first it seemed a risky operation fraught with many pitfalls, but now there is no doubt that its successful accomplishment—in which resource, courage and confidence all played their part to the great credit of the Americans—has set the tone for the Rhine operations.

The Germans were taken completely by surprise, and for once they were guilty of inefficiency. They had failed to demolish the Remagen Bridge, and it says much for the alertness of the advance units of America's First Army that they wasted no time in seizing the opportunity which was thus presented to them. It was a matter of minutes; had they delayed, the bridge would have been blown up.

Flexibility

THE manner in which the First Army were backed up, once they had crossed the bridge, is a great tribute to the flexibility of the Allied Command under General Eisenhower.

This flexibility enabled this totally unexpected and dangerous operation to be developed in the first place by the massing of Allied aeroplanes to defend the bridge against German bombing, and secondly by the forcing across of sufficient supplies to enable General Hodges's men to win command of the high ground on the east bank of the Rhine. By this development the Americans deprived the Germans of observation vantage points which would have helped them to watch the Rhine for future crossings. From the beginning of this operation the Germans were presented with the necessity of concentrating men and material at a point

where they had never anticipated having to do so, and in numbers which they could ill afford.

Planning

OBVIOUSLY the men of America's First Army have made the crossing of the Rhine much easier from a purely military point of view. The technical difficulties still remain. But the Germans can never know where the heaviest blow is coming from next. They will be compelled to keep their eyes on the First Army, for secure in its position on the east bank of the Rhine, this Army can provide invaluable aid once other elements of the Allied forces start to cross. Major-General Tickel has declared that the crossing of the Rhine will be the biggest bridging operation the Allies have faced. It is estimated that between twenty and thirty bridges will have to be thrown across the Rhine to carry the Allied armies, their tanks and their trucks. Thousands of tons of material of all kinds will have to be concentrated for the river crossing at selected points. These supply dumps will have to be protected from aerial attack.

In many respects the operation will not be unlike the Channel crossing on D-Day, which Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, vividly described in the House of Commons the other day. Weeks before D-Day, soldiers were assembled in marshalling areas in the South of England. Supplies were built up at various assembly points. Then the men were placed on assault craft. Supplies for the purpose of reinforcements were loaded at the ports. The whole operation was a magnificent piece of planning and timing, a full rehearsal for the shorter but more varied crossing of the Rhine.

Spectacular

THE Remagen Bridge operation apart, I believe that we have yet to see the most

spectacular development of the war. At some point it is obvious, and the Germans do not hesitate to mention the fact, that the Allies must use their overwhelming superiority in seasoned paratroops and airborne soldiers. Whether they will be used before the Rhine is crossed in force, or after the first bridgehead has been made, is a matter of conjecture. But one can visualize how devastating can be an air-borne armada landing at several points in Germany at this time of her greatest confusion. If the Allied Commanders decide to cross the Rhine with airborne forces in the first instance, it is quite understandable why Major-General Tickel was able to speak so freely and frankly of his task as Director of Works with the 21st Army Group.

Record

NO Secretary of State for War has ever been able to produce such a record of consistent successes achieved by the British Armies



V.C. Receives His Award

Major Tasker Watkins, The Welch Regiment, who won the V.C. on August 16th for "superb gallantry and total disregard for his own safety" during an attack on objectives near Bafour, went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace

as Sir James Grigg was able to do in the House of Commons when submitting the Army Estimates. He was able to say that no British Army has ever been so well equipped as that of today. "It is fully conscious of, and confident in its own strength, and is assured of final victory, both in the west and the east."

Sir James Grigg did not overload his speech with optimism. He even allowed his tribute to Field-Marshal Montgomery to speak for itself. He described a conference six weeks before D-Day at which Field-Marshal Montgomery spoke of his plans and forecast the full success of the Normandy invasion. Field-Marshal Montgomery pointed to a large map on the wall and showed where he expected the Anglo-American-Canadian forces to be ninety days after the landing. Eighty days afterwards Sir James Grigg was in France and the dispositions of the Allied forces were precisely as they had been described on the map by Field-Marshal Montgomery at his conference.

Future

SIR JAMES GRIGG has not had an easy time as War Minister. He has been subjected to a constant cross-fire of criticism from politicians, and seems to have failed as a House of Commons man, where Sir John Anderson, another former Civil Servant, has succeeded. Sir James Grigg was always known as the most efficient Civil Servant in Whitehall, conscientious and outspoken whenever necessary in advising his superiors. He has carried this frankness into the House of Commons, and it still seems that the Members do not appreciate it. There is consequently a lot of speculation as to Sir James's future.

Some think that his big speech on the progress of the Army was, in fact, his swan song, and that he will not fight the next General Election. He resigned from the Civil Service to become a Cabinet Minister—the political head of the department of which he had been the Permanent Secretary—at the urgent request of Mr. Churchill. He is hardly likely to return to the Civil Service, and some of his friends think that he may go into the City, where his early experience in the Treasury would be of great advantage to him. Sir James has not confided his intentions to any of his friends



Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander in Hungary

Here is one of the first British photographs to be taken on liberated Hungarian soil, on the occasion of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander's visit to Hungary to confer with Marshal Tolbukhin and other important Soviet officers. He is seen introducing a member of his staff to the Marshal



Allied Commanders Confer Cheerfully in Burma

Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, then Deputy Air C-in-C. India and S.E.A.C., Major-General F.W. Festing, Commander of the British 36th Division, and Major-General Howard Davidson, Commander of the U.S. 10th Air Force, are seen in happy mood. Air Marshal Garrod was recently appointed C-in-C. the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean and Middle East, and deputy to the Air C-in-C. Allied Forces in the Mediterranean

so far, but they believe that he will have to make a decision soon.

Leader

MR. CHURCHILL appeared in his unaccustomed role as Conservative Party Leader the other day. It is a role he doesn't like a lot, for he believes that the strength of his leadership of the nation lies in his capacity to co-ordinate all parties in common purpose. This does not mean that he doesn't value his leadership of the Conservative Party. He has always argued with those who have criticized him for accepting the leadership of the Conservatives that it was necessary for him to have at his command a party machine which would ensure him a majority vote in the House of Commons. Having got this, it has always been Mr. Churchill's desire to keep party politics in the background. Obviously he will not be able to do this much longer, for the Conservatives rely on him to lead them at the General Election. Contrary to political expectations, Mr. Churchill was not able to tell the Conservatives at their Conference when the General Election will be held. Not even he can know the date. But the

experts who have to make plans for the various parties now believe that it will come in the autumn and not in May, as they once believed.

Mission

MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, the Deputy Prime Minister, has just completed one of his first foreign missions on behalf of the Government. He has been in France and Belgium discussing with the army leaders the problem of feeding liberated Europe. While S.H.A.E.F. is concerned with winning the war, it is also their responsibility to organize the delivery of food supplies to liberated areas. In his speech Sir James Grigg spoke frankly about the problem. So far S.H.A.E.F. have managed to achieve a lot without disaster, but "I do not conceal from the House my fear that in the coming months the demand for foodstuffs for the liberated countries may become almost overpowering." It was Mr. Attlee's task to find means of improving the organization at S.H.A.E.F. for speeding up supplies, and his report will be considered by the War Cabinet and President Roosevelt simultaneously.



Father and Son Decorated

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Otter-Barry, of the Home Guard, who received the O.B.E. at an investiture, was at the Palace with his son, Major Otter-Barry, The King's Shropshire Regiment, who was also decorated with the M.C.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Great Actor

LEAVE my old friend Synopsis be given credit for the following lay-out of *Something for the Boys* (Odeon):—

The lightning of good fortune strikes thrice when three cousins, who had never met, learn that they are the joint heirs to a Southern plantation—Magnolia Manor, near Masonville, Georgia. The cousins are Harry Hart (Phil Silvers), a fast-talking salesman of gadgets; Chiquita Hart (Carmen Miranda), a carbondum polisher who rhumbas to radio music no one else hears; and Blossom Hart (Vivian Blaine), a Brooklyn night club singer. The cousins meet in the lawyer's office and are taken to Magnolia Manor, but instead of the palatial

By James Agate

house of their dreams, they find the Manor is dilapidated and decayed. Whilst they are deciding what to do with their inheritance, Sgt. "Rocky" Fulton walks in and asks if they are interested in renting the place as a home for army wives. When Blossom hesitates, Rocky appeals to her patriotism, telling her that she would be doing "something for the boys." Blossom agrees, and Rocky promises that the boys will help fix the place up. When Laddie (Perry Como), a fellow soldier, calls Rocky by name for the first time, Blossom and Chiquita realize that he is the famed band leader Rocky Fulton.

Is this story imbecile? Yes. But Hollywood presumes the "boys," by which it means American soldiers, to like imbecile stories. And as no story could be more imbecile, so, for this particular purpose, no story could be better. The music? This is alternatively maudlin and mawkish, and sometimes the two together. Do I distinguish between the two adjectives? No, but then I can't distinguish between the tunes, all of which are drenched with that quality of drooling inanity characteristic of the wireless after eleven o'clock. But since millions are understood to find their earthly bliss in this maundering drivel, I suppose it's all right and that for the next year or so we shall have to listen to somebody singing:—

I'm in the middle of nowhere
'Cos I'm getting nowhere with yew!

The dances? The ugliest and ungainliest ever seen. Wit and humour? There is none. The acting? There ain't any, except possibly Carmen Miranda who continues to do her stuff but with worse material. There is another young woman called Vivian Blaine who has no voice to speak of and little notion of singing. On the other hand she is billed as "The Cherry Blonde" and I willingly agree that to demand from a Cherry Blonde with presentable legs that she should have a voice and know how to use it, is not an idea that will occur to Rainbow Corner. I had never thought to see an American leading man with less charm than Michael O'Shea. But do G.I.s look to

the pictures for masculine charm? And anyhow what is any actor to do with a part which seems to consist entirely of saying: "Don't worry, honey, everything is going to be all right." After an hour of this show I came out feeling that I had been in the middle of nowhere exactly an hour too long.

SOME witty person is obviously in charge at Studio One. But also a person whose wit has a double edge. This is proved by the malicious combination of *English Without Tears* with *Le Dernier Tournant*, the French version of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Can it be that the frightful British acting in the first is intended to enhance the magnificent playing in the second? Obviously whoever chooses the pictures for this house holds the same opinion of British film-acting that I do and wants to show it up.

BE it made known to you, readers—and let other film critics stand aghast—that I saw *Le Dernier Tournant* twice in twenty-four hours. (Here let me interrupt myself to say that on one of these occasions I boarded a bus at Oxford Circus and asked the conductress whether it went down the Haymarket? In an adenoidal snuffle she replied: "I don't know where we go." And I imagine that if you were to ask the average British film actress what her picture was about, you would get much the same answer. In much the same snuffle.) I went to see this film twice for one reason and one only—the superb performance by Michel Simon. Fernand Gravet is an excellent film actor, but he has not nearly enough of the animalism and red-bloodedness of the American hobo in whom I see Jean Gabin and nobody else. Gravet is physically too slight, and Frank and Cora should, in their love-making, fall to it like tiger and tigress, or two polecats, or Bothwell and Mary Queen of Scots, all of which I imagine to be very much the same thing. Corinne Luchaire, though she gives a very brainy performance, does not endow Cora with a sufficient quality of pure amazement; she should desire Frank from the crown of her head to her heels, whereas this Cora's passion is centred too singly in the heart, and one has the impression that the word "œur" occurs too often in the dialogue. One feels that the maximum jinks this couple would be



Brigadier F. S. Irwin was the guest of honour at a party given at the home of Mr. Atwater Kent in Hollywood. With him above are Constance Collier and Herbert Marshall



Hollywood Celebrities Meet to Welcome Brigadier Irwin on Leave from Burma Front

Sir Charles Mendl, former Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, enjoyed a joke with Greer Garson and Gene Tierney



Mr. Atwater Kent lent his house for the party, Mrs. Basil Rathbone and Miss Greer Garson acting as joint-hostesses for him. With Mr. Kent above, are Reginald Gardiner and Dame May Whitty



"Here Come the Waves" is the latest Bing Crosby. This time we have Bing as a sailor boy, a raw recruit whose mellow voice on screen and radio has captured the feminine hearts of America. As O/S Johnny Cabot, Bing is detailed to produce a show to popularize recruiting for the WAVES. With the help of his buddy, Windy (Sonny Tufts), the show is a great success and leads Bing to romance in the arms of Rosemary Allison (Betty Hutton)

up to would be to send Nick, the husband, on more frequent visits to town, on which occasions, of course, they could while away the time by pretending to repaint the potting-shed, or tidy up the garage, or other device for hoodwinking simple husbands. But Simon's performance of Nick is superb, being about six times better than anything Charles Laughton has ever done or thought of.

LOOK again for a moment at the story. Frank Chambers is an American hobo and jail-bird who, thrown off a hay truck and hiking down the California road, begs a meal at a roadside sandwich joint kept by a Greek. At the meal he is engaged as hired man, and with in a trice Frank and Cora, the Greek's wife, are plotting the murder of the friendly, greasy little man. She had married him because she was tired of being a waitress in a hash shop; she and the hobo take each other for their bodies' affinities, since neither of them is possessed of soul. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley, and this one is ruined by a cat which, jumping on the fuse-box plunges the shack into darkness. The

husband recovers. Presently the lovers take the road together. But Cora cannot stand hiking, and realizes that it means the hash shop again for her and the street corner for Frank. They return to the shack and make a second and successful job of murdering the husband, this time in a fake motor accident. And then Nemesis plays her first card. The guilty pair are getting away with the fake accident when it turns out that, unknown to either of them, the Greek is heavily insured. But the law cannot quite fasten the crime on them, and the pair settle down to the slow, sure process of victimization, not by their consciences, for they do not possess conscience—but by their drink-sodden nerves. In the end Frank is rushing Cora to hospital in a car, and here the postman rings for the second time.

There is a real accident in which Cora is killed, Frank is tried for murder, and goes to the chair. The priest implores him to confess in order that he may save his soul. And Frank says: "To hell with your Paradise! All I want is to be with Cora again—that's Paradise enough for me."

PERHAPS I am a little unfair to Gravet and Luchaire, seeing that they are at least three times better than anything Hollywood can produce. But I repeat that Simon is at least six times better. I remember him in a lot of films, always different and always superbly the same. Meaning, of course, that this actor's genius, like Irving's, has many facets. There is no connection between Cabris-sade in *La Fin du Jour* and this film's Nick. But both are indubitable Michel Simon.

REALLY I find it very difficult to make up my mind whether I approve of Technicolor or not. *The Fighting Lady* (Odeon) is a magnificent documentary about the great naval and air battles in the Pacific. But is it possible that the sea knows no colour except cobalt, that air battles invariably take place in hunting-pink dawn or blood-red sunset, and that the American Navy and Air Forces are manned entirely by Red Indians? Where Technicolor does this film useful service is in its flame effects. The rest, pictorially speaking, is a nightmare, as though a child had messed about with its first box of paints.



Carmen Miranda sings, dances and enchants the Army in "Something for the Boys." The film is based on the musical comedy book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields and has Cole Porter songs with music and additional lyrics by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson. Above, left: Michael O'Shea is seen as Staff Sergeant Rocky Fulton (in love with Carmen). Carmen Miranda, Phil Silvers as Harry Hart, fast-talking salesman of gadgets, and Vivian Blaine as Blossom, a Brooklyn night club singer. Right: Carmen in full cry



The Theatre

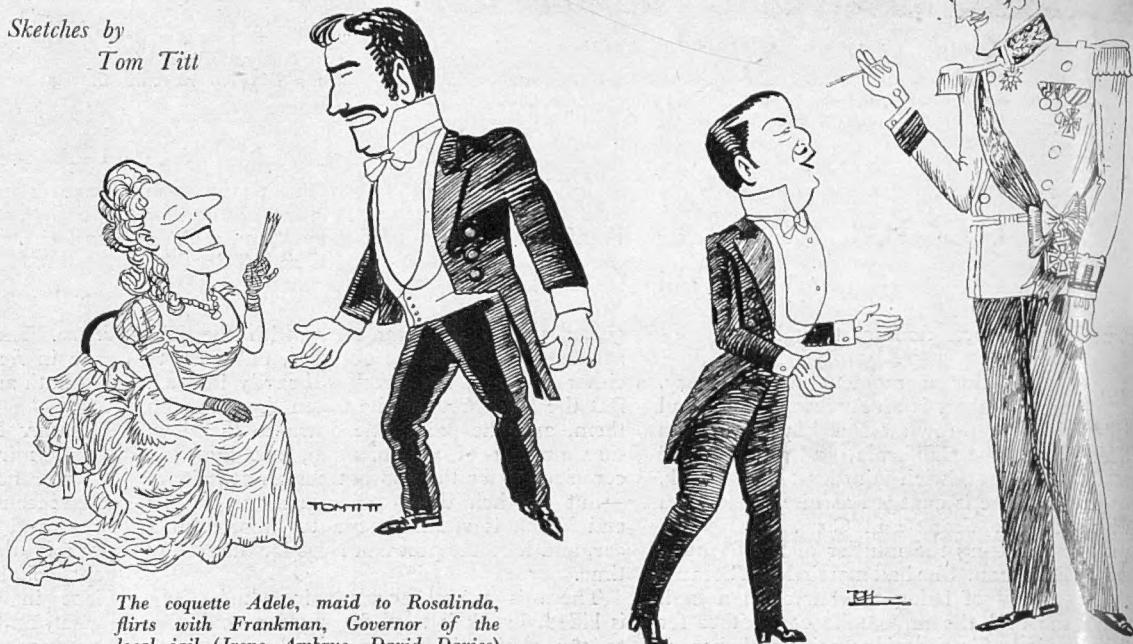
"The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" (Arts)

THE Shavian allegory with the curious title burst upon New York as long ago as 1935. Devout Shavians saw it played in the same year at the Malvern Festival. It has just crept shyly into London, and stay-at-homes who would like to bag a new Shaw will find it sitting sphinx-like on the little stage of the Arts Theatre. In noticing a new play it is always an advantage to be able to explain what it is all about, but faced with the *Simpleton* the unhappy critic feels rather like a translator who knows all the words and idioms in a long sentence but cannot make out the meaning of the sentence. This scene presents knockabout farce; that scene satirizes the pretensions of the Empire-building English; this other discusses eugenics and the right of the lazy to live. The narrative then becomes business-like and, after showing England seceding from the Empire in a desperate attempt to regain her independence, introduces a somewhat petulant little angel with unwieldy wings who proceeds to "liquidate" most of mankind. It is all amusingly clear and simple; but what does it amount to, what is the play's "total gesture," what would Mr. Shaw have us do to save ourselves from extinction which is abrupt if painless?

THE only survivors of Judgment Day on the Unexpected Isles are a native priest and priestess. Heaven had hoped that the

children of this holy pair and their carefully selected white mates would perpetuate the best characteristics of the East and the West, but the children, as soon as their security is threatened, fall back on warlike threats. The angel makes short work of these bloodthirsty young hopefus, phantasms of romantic love, braggadocio, imperial power and pride which the simpleton has foolishly tried to cherish. Why are the parents spared? Because they are useful, and life is for the useful. But of what does their usefulness consist? One of them explains: "I, Prola, shall live and grow because surprise and wonder are the very

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The coquette Adele, maid to Rosalinda, flirts with Frankman, Governor of the local jail (Irene Ambrus, David Davies)



Rosalinda von Eisenstein, disguised as a Princess, attends the ball at Prince Orlofsky's palace and there meets her husband who, unconscious of her real identity, flirts with the Princess who takes from him as a souvenir of their romantic meeting, his gold watch. (Ruth Naylor, Cyril Ritchard)

breath of my being and routine is death to me." They are human chameleons, infinitely adaptable. A little Democracy, a little Fascism, presumably nothing would come amiss, for they could be trusted never to let the thing harden into routine. Somehow this seems a poor, faint, flickering moral to carry away from the tremendous experience of Judgment Day. But though it be one of Mr. Shaw's lesser plays, his dialogue has the secret of perpetual freshness, and what of wit and sting and wisdom it possesses is brought out by Miss Cicely Paget-Bowman, Mr. Peter Jones and a company skilfully directed by Miss Judith Furse.



Prince Orlofsky (Peter Graves) discusses the plans for the evening's entertainment with his Master of Ceremonies, Doctor Falke (Bernard Clifton)

"Gay Rosalinda" (Palace)

THOSE who went with some misgiving to the latest version of *Die Fledermaus* were doubly blessed. Surprise that no tricks had been played with the famous score lent zest to the old enjoyment. They spent the happiest of evenings among tunes which, heard afresh, whirl through the head as intoxicatingly as ever, and set the feet trying to recover those steps which the American jazz factories have banished from the modern ballroom.

The singing may not challenge comparison with Covent Garden in the days when Lottie Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann condescended to lead the frivolities of *Fledermaus*. But then they knew more about stage effect at the Palace than was known at Covent Garden. Put theatrical technique into the scales along with singing that is merely accomplished against great singing with theatrical technique that is merely operatic and we may applaud a performance of Johann Strauss's operetta as delightful as can be remembered. Miss Ruth Naylor and Miss Irene Ambrus are the principal singers; Mr. Cyril Ritchard the gay and giddy husband; and the orchestra is under Mr. Richard Tauber, whose performance as conductor has prodigious histrionic, as well as musical, merits.

A. V. C.



Family Party at Buckingham Palace

After receiving the M.C. at a recent Investiture, Lieut. Duncan Allen, Welsh Guards, left the Palace with his father and mother. Mrs. Allen is Assistant Commandant of the Women's Legion



Three Well-Knowns Seen Out and About

Lady Charles Cavendish was just off back to work with an imposing pile of papers. She works for the American Red Cross in London



Captain "Lizzie" Lizard and Lady Stanley of Alderley were caught by a wandering photographer somewhere near the Ritz on a fine afternoon

Round the Town



Three guests at the reception were Captain Armstrong, Agent-General for Ontario, Major-General Hoss-Naster and Mrs. Elliot Ware



Colonel Tang, the Chinese Military Attaché, was talking to Lady Forrester, who is a regular at many Allied functions



Guests at the Allies' Welcome Committee's Reception at the Dorchester

Mrs. de Trafford, the Czechoslovak Ambassador and Miss Catherine McDonald, of Sydney, Vancouver Island, were at the reception. The guests were received by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., and Princess Wolkonsky



Enjoying the party were Air Cdre. Beaumont, Lord Willingdon and Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador. Air Cdre. Beaumont is Director of Allied Air Co-operation and Foreign Liaison

**Dining Out**

Brigadier King entertained Mrs. Anthony Milburn to dinner at the May Fair one night. A large jug of water was their only aid to conversation

**Cantering Home**

Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, was snapped while out for a ride at Bognor Regis. She is already an experienced horsewoman

**Pushing Off**

Lady Margaret Seymour, sister of Lord Hertford, attends to the Red Cross and St. John tea-trolley at a port canteen for ambulance patients awaiting embarkation

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Lancashire Tour

THEIR MAJESTIES' recent two-day tour of Lancashire, the first out-of-town visit they have made this year, was a triumphant success. It was a new experience that must, at the same time, have brought back many nostalgic memories of the happy days after their coronation, for in place of the overalled, purposeful munition workers, intent on their jobs, among whom they have spent so many hours these last few years, the King and Queen were greeted everywhere by excited, happy, flag-waving crowds, whose enthusiasm and high spirits were an accurate reflection of the buoyant hopes of the country at large as good news follows good news from the Rhine.

To mark the changed character of this visit, the King allowed more formality and civic ceremony to be observed, and local dignitaries were presented to Their Majesties at almost every halt. Lord Sefton, tall and good-looking, with the gold chain of office as Lord Mayor of Liverpool around his neck, and Lady Sefton, chic and fur-coated, were presented to the King and Queen at the start of the tour by Lord Derby, who nowadays, alas, is able to get about only in a wheeled chair. With his characteristic courage and determination, Lord Derby did not let this disability hamper him from meeting the Royal visitors, or from entertaining them, and a number of other guests, to lunch on each of the two days, and both Their Majesties had special words of gratitude for him when they said good-bye.

Presented

AMONG those who met the King and Queen in the course of their tour were the Dowager Lady Sefton, Admiral Sir Max Horton, C.-in-C. Western Approaches, the Bishop of Liverpool (the Rt. Rev. Clifford Martin), the Catholic Archbishop (the Most Rev. Richard Downey), the American Consul (Mr. C. Porter Kuykendall), Sir George and Lady Nelson, Sir Percy Macdonald (acting chairman of the Lancashire County Council), Lord and Lady Crawford, Capt. Lord Shuttleworth, Sir Walter Preston, Sir George Beharrell, the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Guy Warman), Lord Caldicote (the Lord Chief Justice, who had adjourned the Assize Court for an afternoon in honour of the visit), Sir J. E. Stopford (Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University), and Alderman J. P. Jackson, Lord

Mayor of Manchester, and Mrs. Jackson. Countess Spencer was in attendance on Her Majesty, and Sir Eric Miéville and W/Cdr. Peter Townsend on the King.

Visit to Rosyth

TO carry out this Lancashire programme, and afterwards to make a surprise visit to Rosyth where they inspected the great naval base, Their Majesties had to spend four successive nights aboard the Royal train.

At the northern base, Admiral Sir William Whitworth, the Commander-in-Chief, Rosyth, received the King and Queen, with his Chief of Staff, Vice-Admiral the Hon. E. R. Drummond, and Their Majesties recognised an old acquaintance in Capt. C. G. B. Colart, the Flag Captain, for he commanded H.M.S. Glasgow, one of the

**To Be Married**

Swabe

The engagement of Miss Constance Stanley, daughter of Col. the Hon. Algernon and Lady Mary Stanley, of Sopworth, Chippenham, Wiltshire, to Lt. Malcolm Weaver, U.S. Army, was announced in February. She is a niece of Lord Derby

cruisers which escorted them on their journey to Canada just before the war.

Welcome Committee

LADY KILLEARN was making a welcome reappearance among many old friends when she went to the Allies' Welcome Committee's recent cocktail party. It is six years since she was last in London, and everyone thought how pretty she looked, and as full of vivacity as ever, though it is some ten years since her wedding to the then Sir Miles Lampson, when she became the youngest British Ambassador. Wearing black, and a tiny cap of white violets on her curly dark hair, Lady Killearn was soon talking about her lovely children, whom she has left behind at the Embassy in Cairo, and explaining that it is Red Cross work which has brought her on what is literally a flying visit to London. Other attractive women at this party were the French Ambassador, who had a long talk with Lady Anderson; Pamela Lady Glencorner, Mrs. Richard Tufnell, Lady Brabourne, and Lady Moncreiffe, who had her daughter, Elizabeth, with her, a good-looker with a marked resemblance to her mother. The Hon. Mrs. Donough O'Brien was sporting a high turban draped about in jade green,

**Miss Elizabeth Parish**

This portrait of Mr. Clement Woodbine Parish's only daughter, painted by Mrs. Olive Bigelow Pell, is amongst those exhibited by the artist at the Brook Street Art Gallery



A London Christening Swaebe

Charles Freeman, baby son of Capt. J. Brittain-Jones, C.B.E., and Mrs. Brittain-Jones, of Fosse House, Evington, Warwickshire, was christened at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He had four godparents

a striking and attractive fashion which is every day gaining in popularity.

Private View

THE private view of Mrs. Herbert Pell's portraits at the Brook Street Art Gallery was very crowded, which must have been doubly gratifying to the artist, for all her work is done with the object of raising money for her fund for sending food packages to British prisoners of war in Germany since Dunkirk. The fund was started when her husband was American Minister in Portugal, and the whole of the price paid for each portrait is handed over to the Red Cross. Mr. Pell pays for the paints, canvases, etc., used by his wife, so that every single penny earned may go straight to the fund.

The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg came to see the portraits and brought her youngest son and daughter. Others there were the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, who was talking to Mme. Roche (wife of the Councillor of the French Embassy); Lady Ormonde, who was looking at the portrait of her daughter, Lady Moyra Forester; Mme. Wellington Koo, wearing a tiny, plate-like hat of massed white violets, and whose portrait is one of those on the walls; Lady Boynton; and the Turkish

Ambassador and his wife, who are also portrayed by Mrs. Pell. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys joined his wife to see the rather Holbein-style picture of her on the walls, and Audrey Lady Stanley of Alderley was chatting with the Duke of San Lucar la Mayor, who was amusing her with the tale of how his dinner-jacket was cut to ribbons when the window-panes next to which it hung were shattered by bomb-blast.

Debutantes' Ball

MORE than 600 people tried to dance at the first of this year's two Debutantes' Balls in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, but as tables in serried rows left but little space, it may well have been more a problem than a pleasure. However, it is only fair to say that both the young and their elders seemed thoroughly happy and enjoying themselves.

Once again Lady Hammond-Graeme was the president and cut the huge cake, lit by 201 candles. She looked festive in white lace and a cape of white fox, and magnificent white fox jackets were also worn by the vivacious wife of the Swiss Minister (over a bustled dress of white with a fine black design) and by good-looking Lady (Henry) Price, whose frock was a classically simple one of white velvet. Both these smart women were accompanied by their husbands; others at Lady Hammond-Graeme's table were Sir David and Lady Kelly; Mr. and Mrs. Mabane; and Marie Lady Willingdon, who was dancing gaily most of the time.

Lord and Lady Denham brought their daughter, the Hon. Peggy Bowyer; the attractive, dark-eyed Baroness du Four (daughter of Mme. Ruegger, the wife of the Swiss Minister) was all a-glitter in bright-blue paillettes; Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, gleaming in a coat-of-mail jacket of tortoiseshell sequins, which set off to perfection her blonde hair, was chaperoning her young daughter, Virginia; and Lord and Lady Tavistock were sitting at Lady Scarsdale's table, where the Hon. Gloria Curzon was making her debut under her mother's wing.

At another table Mrs. Eric Pelly and Mrs. Tom Dearbergh were joint hostesses to a party of twelve for the debut of their two daughters, Rosamund Pelly and Susan Dearbergh. Rosamund, who is tall and fair, wore a full-skirted white net dress; and Susan Dearbergh, on leave from the W.R.N.S., also wore the traditional white. Both Mr. Pelly and Major Dearbergh joined the party to see their daughters enjoy their first big dance, and both fathers seemed to enjoy the evening as much as their daughters.

(Concluded on page 376)



Major and Mrs. J. F. M. Perrott

Major J. F. Mayo Perrott, M.C., R.E., only son of Professor and Mrs. S. W. Perrott, of Carew Lodge, Stoke Poges, married Miss Joan Pirie Thomson, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral G. Pirie Thomson and Mrs. E. N. Pirie Thomson, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Mr. and Mrs. J. A. C. Shaw

Major John Anthony Cobham Shaw, R.A., only son of the late Capt. Leslie M. Shaw and of the Hon. Mrs. Bazeley-White, married Miss Rhondda Rankin, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. Charles H. Rankin and the late Mrs. Rankin, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



At the Royal Dublin Society's Aberdeen-Angus and Hereford Bull Show and Sale

Poole, Dublin

Mr. W. E. Anderson, one of the stewards, and a son of the President of the Royal Dublin Society, sat with Lady Murphy, a very well-known breeder of Hereford cattle

The Earl and Countess of Leitrim were there. He won the silver medal for the best Aberdeen-Angus bull bred by an exhibitor in Ulster, with his bull Paterdon of Mulroy

Lt.-Cdr. E. F. P. Cooper, R.N., of Markee Castle, Co. Sligo, was with his wife, watching the judging of Aberdeen-Angus bulls. He is a very famous breeder of this kind of cattle



Miss Rose Asquith, daughter of the Hon. Sir Cyril Asquith, and Mr. Terence Cooper



The Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's elder daughter, and Lieut.-Col. D. Maclean



Lieut. John Ault and Miss Elizabeth Brock Edwards, daughter of Lady Chesham by her first marriage



F/Lieut. Ian Hedley, Miss Mary Clare Fitzgerald, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Lord Mowbray's son; the Hon. Ela Beaumont, daughter of Viscount Allendale; and Miss Mary Bailey-Southwell



Lieut. Alexander Beattie and Miss Elizabeth Ann Cary, daughter of the Master of Falkland and Mrs. John Walker



Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's only daughter, and Mr. Jeremy Tree



Miss Ruah Holmes-Watson, Lord Buckhurst, son of Earl de la Warr, and Miss Juanita Forbes



Lord and Lady Chesham, Capt. Harry Reynolds and Miss Ann Brock Edwards, one of Lady Chesham's two daughters

Debutantes of 1945 Come Out at Grosvenor House



Lady Hamond-Graeme (chairman of the Ball Committee) cuts the Birthday Cake to be distributed by the debutantes.



Lieut. A. Terkuhle, Viscountess Scarsdale, Mr. Denis Brewster and the Hon. Gloria Curzon, Lady Curzon's second daughter



Miss Heather Bennett, Miss Jean Rollo, Miss Priscilla Heather-Graeme, Miss Dalrymple Hamilton and Miss Virginia Hoare



Miss Ann Winn, Capt. Tom Egerton, the Marchioness of Hartington and Capt. A. McCall



Miss Ann Crichton, Mr. W. Fairholme, Miss Virginia Hutchinson, Mr. Ian Oldham, Miss Sheila Mitchell, Miss Daphne Oldham and Mr. D. Skine

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BRIGHTON'S desperate attempt to fight the English Channel is to cost another £60,000, we observe. At one place in this area the sea has eaten six feet into the coast in two years.

These happy islands are gently tilting and slipping back into the sea anyway, as a geologist recently pointed out; which will solve all the problems of the planning fuss-pots cleanly and finally and please a lot of fish as well. Meanwhile the sea is certainly gnawing away at Sussex. Out by the Owers Light, drowned under the shingle off Selsey Bill, are Roman palaces and gardens and the first monastery built by St. Wilfrid after the conversion of the South Saxons; a long task, owing to their intense stupidity. Under the present beach of Selsey and a little way out to sea is a, huge 16th-century deer park, still called "The Park" by local fishermen, where at low tide you can, or could till lately, see the stumps of oaks. So in due course fishing-boats will trail nets over George IV.'s Pavilion dome, and the archaeologist boys will find undoubted traces of a Phoenician occupation during the 20th century, especially on and round the site of the Metropole.

Footnote

HENCE all this fuss over fighting the sea round Brighton seems faintly ludicrous. Better for the local aediles to await the end with dignity, crowned with flowers, gazing over the wine-dark and inexorable wave and listening to the flute-players and the singers raising that fine song about Brighton by William Blake (music by Vaughan Williams):

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in
my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

And so, at length, comes calm, and peace, and oblivion, and a wide wash of placid sea, and a bowler hat or two bobbing gently on the incoming tide. What nicer end for a place like Brighton? No? What? Fire and brimstone? Dear, oh! dear.

Test

DIAMONDS, pearls, and emeralds being at present beyond the reach, we gather, of all but Black Market racketeers' molls, no doubt many of the less uppish stones will come into favour before long. Some of these, noted by the poet Marbodus in his *Book of Gems*, have admirable and little-known properties. Would it help you in the choosing of baubles for

women (if you have that unmanly weakness) if we quote you one or two?

The *agate* comforts and strengthens its wearer and promotes fluency of speech, grace, and a healthy colour.

The *amethyst* ensures sobriety and chastity.

The *cornaline* mitigates disputes and bad temper.

The *sapphire* cures sweats and eye-trouble (but only if the wearer is chaste).

The *beryl* eases sighs, hiccups, and wind on the chest.

The *hyacinth* or *zircon* banishes sadness and vain suspicions.

The *topaz* dispels nightmares (caused by the *onyx*).

The *celandine*, a species of orange agate, dispels lunacy.

Every stone has a mystic or symbolic meaning as well, which need not be touched on here. Far more valuable in the home than an electric toaster, we gather, is an ordinary magnet, of which Marbodus



"Of course, if you're going to stop and look at them . . ."

says that if placed on the brow of a sleeping bride it will show if she is deceiving you or not; if blameless, she will turn and kiss you without waking. Maybe this simple test explains the surly nature of so many engineers, electricians, physicists, and other chaps with access to magnets.

Doom

A RECENT split in the National Peasants' Party in Rumania has resulted in the formation of a Ploughmen's Party, and what could—on paper—be more homespun than that?

Probably you City slickers would be disappointed in the appearance of these Rumanian ploughmen. You'd find relatively few horny-handed, clay-booted sons of the soil among them, we guess, but quite a number of beady-eyed politicians and chittering intellectuals (compare the dons who infest our own native Socialist movement). We're always sorry for the intellectuals of the Left, with their pale, refined faces and gentlewomanly ways. They don't seem to know what's coming to them. We once fell into conversation with a hoarse but genial comrade in a grim little café on the Boulevard de Sébastopol who gave us the lowdown on this. He said the Big Red Night, the Grand Soir Rouge was coming. (this was about ten years ago).

We said: "Whose throats will you cut first?"

He said: "The Party intelligentsia's, naturally," and spat on the floor.

We said: "Why?"

He told us, with oaths, describing the Party intelligentsia in vicious terms drawn from the farmyard, the insect world,

(Concluded on page 366)



"We brought him down here for the air, and he's been eating like a little horse ever since"



R. A. Hancock, the Oxford president, won the Three Miles



G. E. St. J. Hardy won the One Mile for Oxford in 4 min. 33 sec.



(Left) I. M. Simmonds, the Cambridge president, was once again victorious in the Quarter-Mile



(Below) C. R. Leeson (Cambridge) cleared the High Jump at the height of 5 ft. 6½ in.

University Athletics

Cambridge Beats Oxford at Iffley Road Ground, Oxford

After their victory over Oxford on March 10th, Cambridge now leads in the wartime series of inter-University Athletics by four wins to two. As last year, the Cambridge president, Simmonds, won the Half-Mile and the Quarter-Mile, and the Three Miles went to Hancock, Oxford's president



Spectators : Lieut. Wijk, from Norway, Major Waye, Mr. Tackley, of St. Edward's School, and the Rev. J. H. S. Wild, Oxford hon. treasurer



T. E. N. Hart (Cambridge), J. Fairgrieve (Cambridge) and P. R. Tuck (Oxford) were first, second and third respectively in the 100 Yards



D. L. Barker (Cambridge) was first, D. M. Dixon (Oxford) second and R. E. Utiger (Oxford) third in the 220 Yards Low Hurdles



D. M. Dixon (left) won the 120 Yards Hurdles for Oxford by 5 yards, with a time of 16'8 seconds

Standing By ...

(Continued)

and the blue depths of Ocean. He said these so-and-so's would everywhere be *zigouillé* first of all, by a unanimous vote. And now we can never see the cleancut, thoughtful, dreamy, urgent, ascetic pans of one or two donnish notables of the Left without crying.

Form

A GOSSIP's interesting remark that generals of the United States Army are allowed to design and wear any kind of uniform they please recalls the great Murat, who, next to a terrific cavalry charge loved nothing more than wearing gorgeous costumes of his own design.

When Murat charged the guns at Eylau on a horse with a leopardskin saddlecloth he was wearing a gold-embroidered uniform and a hat with ostrich plumes and waving a gold-headed cane; which was mild enough, like his Court-hunting-suit of green and gold, with a jewelled-hilted knife. His best effort was designed and worn for the ceremonial entry into Moscow in 1812 after charging all day like a demon at Borodino: namely, a gold-embroidered, gold-collared, gold-belted Marshal's tunic, with diamond star, pale pink riding-breeches, bright yellow leather riding-boots, a hat with four huge ostrich feathers and an aigrette of heron's plumes, a sky-blue gold-embroidered saddle-cloth, and gilt stirrups. Lannes and Berthier among the other marshals were fairly gaudy on occasion, but Joachim Murat, King of Naples, Grand-Duke of Berg and Cleves, Marshal of France, made them all look like a vergers' picnic.

Was it good form to dress like that on active service?

Would a sahib have done it?

You chaps know as well as we do what the answer is to those two questions. One doesn't want to make a song about these things, in the presence of the women, but damn it—What? Yes. Precisely. What? Absolutely.

School

To the Military Academy of St. Cyr, shortly to be raised from its ruins, attaches the classic story of the Cadet, the Lady, and the Five-Franc Note, of which the most elegant English version, probably, is the late Alexander Woolcott's. But only in crystalline, ironic French is the full flavour of this story, and especially its climax, to be appreciated.

No stories of any kind attach—*et pour cause*, as the columnist boys say—to the famous and exclusive girls' public school of St. Cyr, Mme. de Maintenon's foundation, which the French should revive as well, with annual performances of *Athalie* and the other plays Racine wrote for the girls. In some ways St. Cyr was not unlike any modern establishment: In 1769, when Horace Walpole visited the school, the 250 girls all wore black dresses with short black aprons, bound—like their stays—with red, blue, green, or yellow ribbon



"I'm making do while she mends"

to show their different forms. Their hair was curled and powdered and they wore dainty mob-caps and a kind of white ruff and large white tucker, which Mr. Walpole thought charming, like the games the young ladies played in the garden after supper. No great banging baritone hockey girls or Rugger halves in this outfit, apparently. Grace and elegance seem to have been preferred at St. Cyr. We bet none of 'em could hit a Guards P.T. instructor through a 3 ft. gym. wall, as

Mercy Whackstraw did in our last term at Heathdean. Yah, sissies.

Contretemps

FURTWANGLER rejected by the Swiss, Wood's memory honoured by the Henry Wood Memorial Concert—that's how orchestral conductors stand at the moment, much beloved or greatly disliked.

In music circles we learn this is generally the case of recent years. You either love or detest a conductor; there is no neutrality.

Probably the only exception within living memory is Richter, whose habit at rehearsals of apparently signalling everybody back time after time to Section F, page 67, Allegretto molto vivace, was so unpopular and so misunderstood. Richter was actually waving to a rather spoilt girl harpist named Violet Fossicks.

To a representative of *The Musical Underworld* Richter said later: "I guess it was foolish of me but I love her; in fact I might go so far as to say I would die for that baby."

Miss Fossicks said "One hardly knows what to say, I having given Mr. Richter no encouragement, I'm sure, not even a wink, this being the very last thing I should think of, what with tuning my harp, etc."

Miss Fossicks's mother said: "Of course it is very gratifying to find a gentleman of such importance in music circles so attached to Vi, but as she has been very well brought up, etc., and keeps herself to herself, she being a 'home girl,' and her Dad enjoying poor health, one really hardly knows what to think." This chilly indifference and languor (how different had the conductor been a Toscanini, a Cameron, a Boult, even!) froze the ardent Richter, and he cursed all concerned very briefly and returned to Berlin. Which only shows.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Eenie-meenie-miney-mo-upon-this-mission-you-must-go"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Cranborne

Viscount Cranborne, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs and Leader of the House of Lords, is heir to the 4th Marquess of Salisbury and grandson of a former Prime Minister. Lord Cranborne took his seat in the House of Lords in 1941 as Baron Cecil of Essendon. Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1935 to 1938, he joined Mr. Churchill's Government as Paymaster-General in 1940, and has held office continuously since then; as Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs 1940-42, Secretary of State for Colonies 1942, Lord Privy Seal 1942-43, and again as Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs since September 1943



Oberon : "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows . . .
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight"
Oberon, King of the Fairies, plans his revenge on Titania, who
has refused to give up her Indian Boy page (John Gielgud)

Escape to Fairyland

Shakespeare's Magic Revived in a New Production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

• *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has now been added to the repertory season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. It takes its place in rotation with *Hamlet* and *The Circle*. This production of *The Dream* is in many ways a new conception of Shakespeare's fairy-tale. Mendelssohn's music has given way to a new score by Leslie Bridgewater, the dances have been arranged by Frederick Ashton, decor is by Hal Burton and settings and costumes are reminiscent of Inigo Jones. Peggy Ashcroft is a charming Fairy Queen, John Gielgud a regal Oberon, Leslie Banks a fine, manly Bottom, Max Adrian a faun-like, grown-up Puck, while Miles Malleson is quite irresistible as carpenter Quince



Titania : "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman
Hop in his walks and gambol in his ways"
Titania, her eyes touched with the love-juice administered by Puck at Oberon's command, wakes from sleep, sees Bottom, and straightway loves the ass



Helena : "O spite! O Hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment"
Lysander, bewitched by Puck, turns from his true love, Hermia, and professes love for Helena, whom he has always scorned (Isabel Dean as Hermia, Patrick Crean as Lysander, Marian Spencer as Helena, and Francis Lister as Demetrius)

Photographs



Bottom : "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here desloured my dear"
Bottom, appearing as Pyramus in the play enacted at the Duke's court, mourns the loss of his love, Thisbe, who has, he fears, been killed by a lion



"O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?"
Bottom: "You see an ass's head of your own. Do you?"
Bottom, rehearsing in the woods with his fellow-players in preparation for the Duke's
midsummer night's dream, is bewitched by Puck, "an ass's nose" fixed on his head (John
Gielgud, Miles Malleson, Leslie Banks, George Woodbridge, Ernest Hare, Francis Drake)

Beaton



Puck: "Lord, what fools these mortals be"

Puck, watching with joy the havoc created by wrongful administration
of the fairies' potion, sees Lysander, bewitched, profess his love for
Helena while all the time his heart belongs to Hermia (Max Adrian)



Theseus: "The iron tongue of midnight has told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time"
Theseus and his bride Hippolyta are happily wed; Lysander and his Hermia,
Demetrius and his Helena, are happily reunited, thanks to the timely intervention
of Oberon (Leon Quartermaine as Theseus, Rosalie Crutchley as Hippolyta)



Oberon: "So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be"

Oberon and his Fairy Queen Titania visit the Palace of Theseus to give their blessing
to the triple marriages of Theseus and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia,
Demetrius and Helena. In the background is the Indian Boy (George Bryden)

Coastal Command Personalities

Five More Portraits



W/Cdr. J. H. Gresswell, D.S.O., D.F.C., was born at Ashstead, Surrey, and educated at Repton. Commissioned in 1935, he was mentioned in despatches in 1941, and awarded the D.F.C. in July 1942, and won the D.S.O. two years later, while on his third tour of operations. The official citation says "he set a magnificent example of keenness and devotion to duty to his squadron"



W/Cdr. E. H. McHardy, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, from New Zealand, served for a year as a trooper in the Wellington East Coast Mounted Rifles, and was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1939. Awarded the D.F.C. in 1941, and a Bar in 1942, he won the D.S.O. last August. While commanding his squadron he took part in eleven anti-shipping operations, and in the Vaagso Raid directed fighter operations from a naval vessel



Right:
G/Capt. Brian Paddon, D.S.O., educated at Cheltenham College and Exeter University College, was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1929. He served on flying duties both at home and in India, and in 1937 was employed on emergency Mediterranean Patrol duty. Awarded the D.S.O. in 1942, he is now in command of a R.A.F. Coastal Command station



W/Cdr. J. R. S. Romanes, D.F.C., is a Scot from Kelso, and before the war was for three years apprenticed to a shipping firm. Commissioned in 1936, he has been twice mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the D.F.C. in July 1940. He is now Senior Training Officer at a R.A.F. Coastal Command Station



G/Capt. H. R. A. Edwards, D.F.C., A.F.C., born at Oxford, was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was a member of the University Air Squadron, and was commissioned in 1929. He was awarded the A.F.C. in 1943, and the following year won the D.F.C. Since February 1943, he has flown on many operational sorties, taking part in attacks on U-boats

Priscilla in Paris

Paris To-Day

Between the Wars "Priscilla in Paris" had its regular weekly niche in *The Tatler*. "Priscilla," in fact, is one of our oldest contributors. Then Paris fell and our make-up sheet for the issue of June 26th, 1940, bears the laconic entry—"No Priscilla." For many dark months there was no news of her. But at last messages got through, somehow, that she was alive, well, and still driving her voluntary ambulance. Now she has come back, temporarily, to give briefly her impressions of Paris Occupied, Paris Freed and Paris To-day

SUPERFICIALLY, Paris has not changed. Exiles returning to Paris to-day are finding all their old landmarks. The Boche was hoisted out too quickly to have had time to damage the beautiful city where he gloatingly dwelt in luxury for four long years. The bullet-chipped façades of the Hôtel de Ville, the Senate, the Crillon—indeed, everywhere that fighting took place, and it took place all over the town—show their honourable scars, but at dusk one no longer sees them: the sky-line is unbroken, the bridges are intact, the cafés are open, and, on account of the jeeps, the touring cars of the F.F.I., the military trucks and lorries, one has the impression that the traffic is as thick as usual, and the homecomer sends up a little prayer of thanks as he stands on the pavement outside the railway terminus, with his belongings at his feet. So far, so good . . . but now the minor difficulties start.

A dearth of porters on the platform has caused him to stagger from the train to the street with a couple of suit-cases, a rucksack, and a few parcels tagged on here and there. Getting across Paris, of course, is another affair. The Metro offers the only means of transport, and judging by the crowd slowly edging its way into the station on the opposite pavement, it is not too easy of access. The worried traveller, tired and probably hungry, looks at his luggage and ponders.

"Un porteur, monsieur?" a voice softly suggests. The speaker is a middle-aged man, neatly and warmly dressed, looking more like a petit bourgeois returning from an afternoon call than a porter. The traveller turns to him with relief, but prudently asks: "How much to the Rue du Bac?" "The Rue du Bac station is closed, monsieur. Electricity restrictions. You will have to descend at Sèvres. A hundred francs." The traveller sadly shakes his head. The gentilhomme-porteur raises his hat and turns away to offer his services elsewhere: they are immediately taken.

The traveller loads himself up again and staggers to the cloakroom, where he leaves his luggage, keeping the smallest suit-case only, fully aware that he probably is leaving behind all the things he needs most. "Enfin, one can

always arrange oneself for one night, and to-morrow . . ." but he is too weary to worry much about to-morrow. Dodging an unexpected U.S. lorry that dashes from a side-street which, the traveller remembers, has always been a one-way thoroughfare, he makes his way to the Blue Lights and edges down the steps. The crowd is pretty bad, but nothing to what it is on the platform, while the platform is a lonely desert compared to the crush in the carriages. Hesitating on the threshold, the traveller suddenly feels a tremendous thrust that hurls him into the car and along the gangway. His suitcase is somehow plastered against his tummy and people are scowling at him. Somewhere a child is howling.

The train starts and the mass of humanity sways in unison. Biff! . . . to the right! Bammmmm . . . to the left! A woman's hat is jerked off her head and disappears . . . no one can move to look or even feel for it. People entering and leaving the car at the next station no doubt trample it. . . . One wonders if she will ever see it again or recognise it, if she does. The traveller, jammed between two immensely tall, gum-chewing lads, turns his head towards an open window; the draught blows a wisp of hair from a frizzy-headed Lizzie into his eyes and tickles his nose; he turns his head quickly away in order to sneeze and bruises his cheek on a neighbouring tin hat. At the Sèvres station he leaves the carriage somewhat in the manner of a banana squeezed out of its skin by a mannerless child.

The black-out has been considerably lifted in Paris of recent weeks, but there is still not quite enough light to prevent our traveller from plunging ankle-deep into a snowdrift in process of liquefaction. Who cares? Here is the familiar doorway—but what a strange idea to leave flowers and plants about on the pavement! (It is only to-morrow, by daylight, that the traveller will see the plaque let into the wall in memory of the boy who was shot there by the Boche last August.) And here is the dear old concierge. Only the dear old concierge has been replaced by a new one, who stares at him oddly and wants to know where he is going.



Against the background of the Eiffel Tower, this young Parisian shows off her latest Reboux hat. The hat is securely anchored under the chin with a silk scarf so that it can be worn bicycling



Typical of the sights in Paris streets to-day are the dame hack-driver and the practical fashions of the girl cyclist, who wears a culotte skirt and warm jerkin

"Madame Chose, on the sixth floor."

"Then you may as well take this telegram up with you—the boy wouldn't go up as the lift is not working."

The stairs are in semi-gloom, and on the first floor he falls over the sandbags of the Defense Passive. Five more flights and here we are. The welcome our traveller gets is entirely satisfactory, but when the first fine frenzy is over he suggests that supper would be an excellent thing.

"Mon Dieu!" wails Madame. "We didn't expect you. There is nothing ready and there is no more gas at this hour." He congratulates himself on having put in an electric geyser before the war; at least he will be able to enjoy a scalding-hot bath. Alas, alas, Madame is desolated. The pipes burst yesterday when the thaw set in, and the overworked plumber will only be able to attend to the matter next week. Somewhat dashed, he looks forward to a good night's rest after three days in the train. Madame smiles. Of course . . . his bed is waiting for him, only there are no sheets. The last wore out over a year ago. As for the mattress, it was loaned to some refugees and it has not yet been returned: however, the sommier is quite comfortable.

The traveller smiles back: "If you can stand it, I can," he declares. "After all, we are together again, and that is all that matters."

And this, indeed, is all that matters. To return home and find those one loves with a whole roof over their heads is the main thing. Paris and Parisians have not changed.

PRISCILLA.



Paris, Without Petrol, Welcomes Back the Old "Fiacre"

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Two Gun"

THE gallant General's other name is said to be "Blood and Guts." Our American comrades-in-arms have ever been masters of the art of bestowing pet names! It is exhilarating to see "T.G. B.G." and his "Left Hand Man" charging the last one as if it were not there. It is a method which, if not orthodox, has been known to succeed nine times out of ten. Let me recall the words of those two hard punchers, who "rode down The Vale together" at that Cotswold wall! They both got over, even though one did it with a fall. There has never been a truer saying about any big place, than that the less you will like it the longer you look. The place lower down stream which has fallen to the lot of the Union Jack may not be as deep as a well, but it is very much wider than a church door! 'Twill not serve the enemy



Picking the Winners in Suffolk

The Duke and Duchess of Grafton were present at the Suffolk Stallion Show, held by the Suffolk Agricultural Association at the Portman Road football ground, Ipswich. And the sun was shining as well

"Qui Facit . . ."

JUST à propos de bottes, the jockey who does the deed, the wicked deed of "pulling his head off," is, of course, punished upon conviction; but sometimes he is only the first criminal, and the stewards "hang" No. 2 and No. 3 also, the trainer and the owner! The law says that he who does a thing by the agency of another does it himself—which maxim embraces the complete doctrine of "aiding and abetting," either before or after the act. Some heartless stewards have carried things even farther, and "hanged" the mechanic, who has purposely pricked a horse when plating him—and invariably any gentleman, who has been caught busy with some cocaine and a hypodermic, has been triced up as high as the luckless Mr. Haman. Upon one occasion, of which I was a witness, one of these operators overdid things, with the consequence that the animal started running away immediately the boy who led him on to the course loosed his head. It was, of course, in the wrong direction and much too soon! In the end, it was all they could do to catch the poor demented steed. The stewards blazed into the brown of the whole gang—quite rightly. So people ought to read up all that they can about the position of anyone who is particeps criminis.

Cheltenham

A USTRALIAN steeplechasing poet Lindsay A. Gordon warned us to beware how we left off flannel, and said that, whatever else we did, we must never change our minds when once we had "picked our panel," by which latter he meant the particular bit of the post and rail fence, the most popular obstacle in Australia. Both bits of advice are excellent, and personally I followed them, because I believed that my money will be safest if it were carried in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham by Mrs. Keith Cameron's Schubert. He knows his way over this course; he won absolutely unchallenged on January 6th in the New Year Steeplechase; 3 miles, same distance as the Gold Cup, same weight 12 st., and his jockey, C. Beechener, who also trains him, was on his back again, as he was when he won again at Windsor on February 24th—rather luckily, perhaps, because that blunder two fences from home must have knocked some



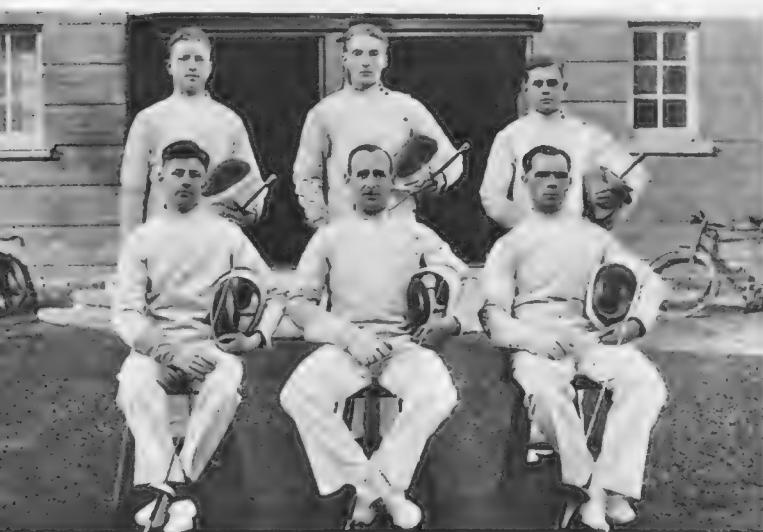
At a Meet of the Garth

Mr. R. H. R. Palmer and Col. F. G. Barker were caught by the photographer in earnest conversation. The occasion was a recent meet of the Garth, at the Walter's Arms, Bearwood, near Reading



Lt.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn

Lt.-Col. H. M. Llewellyn, The Warwickshire Yeomanry, was decorated in the field last March by Gen. Omar Bradley with the U.S. Legion of Merit. Mentioned in despatches in Sicily and in Italy, he was awarded the O.B.E. not long ago



The R.A.C. O.C.T.U. Fencing Team

This team has beaten Middlesex Hospital, Wellington and Charterhouse this spring, and has other fixtures to come. Sitting: Officer Cadet H. S. Ball, R.S.M. F. H. Bennett (A.P.T.C.), Sgt. W. B. Jones (R.A.C.). Standing: Officer Cadets J. P. Rogers, R. H. Ellison, G. G. Brown



Cambridge University Fencing Team D. R. Stuart

This term the Cambridge Fencing Team has defeated the U.S. Army by 7-6, and lost to Imperial College of Science and Technology by 12-17. Sitting: P. J. Poll, P. J. Farr (captain), C. V. Smith. Standing: R. J. Carr, C. F. Brunner, W. T. D. Dixon



University Women's Hockey: Oxford Wins the Inter-University Challenge Cup

D. R. Stuart

Oxford University women's hockey side are here seen with the Cup which they won from Cambridge. Sitting: Jean Harrison (St. Anne's), Sheila Browne (L.M.H.), Pamela Young (St. Hilda's; captain), Katherine Ainley-Walker (L.M.H.), Gillian Toller (St. Hilda's). Standing: Susan Bailey (L.M.H.), Brenda Cowderoy (St. Hugh's), Cherry Burbury (St. Hugh's), Pamela Creek (L.M.H.), Hazel Bigg (L.M.H.), Mary Turner (Somerville)

of the steam out of Poet Prince. I backed Schubert because I remembered that the challenger was then getting 10 lb. and that he would not be getting anything at all at Cheltenham, which is not quite the same proposition as Windsor. It demands a horse with good bottom to come up that hill at the finish, after jumping all the obstacles. This is why I felt that it would not be a case of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony on the 17th. Beechener rides him so well—a tremendous factor on the credit side when you go steeplechasing. *Paladin!* He is such a good-class horse, or was; but when the cease fire was sounded in 1942 he had been suffering from a leg, and in this recent race at Windsor, he got to grief for no good and sufficient reason. Of course, that could happen to the best, but those who were close at hand when it happened tell me that he misjudged it completely and tried to stop. Usually this means lack of practice. I may, of course, have lost my money. This is written four days before the race.

A Racing Glossary

At a recent race meeting it was said that there was an enormous majority of people who had never so much as seen a racecourse in their lives, and yet they enjoyed themselves prodigiously. I think that that was very kind of them under the circumstances, for, obviously, they must have had to do it under the heavy handicap of not even knowing the most cryptic and misleading language in the world. So much is made fool-proof nowadays by wireless and other means, that I think the leading Turf executives might go just a little bit farther and post up at various convenient spots on our courses a little glossary or vade-mecum for the neophyte. A little explanation would be useful of such phrases as "havin' a bit each way"; "backing 'im till the cows commome"; "gettin' up right under the judge's box"; "winnin' by the length of the straight"; "pulled his something teeth out [or head off]"; "won with 'is head in 'is chest [instead of in the customary position on the end of his neck]"; "dirty dacks 'ound"; "e'd ave got into a mouse-'ole rather than win." These, and

many other and kindred metaphors, if explained in a popular and chatty style, would, I feel sure, tremendously enhance the enjoyment of the Turf Rook, whom it should be the aim to encourage! So much of the language used on the Turf is very misleading.

The Late Sir Cecil Graham

A friend of his, and mine, in a letter expressing pleasure at my recent small tribute to someone, who was indeed a charming personality, as well as an outstanding figure in the world of sport, writes me as follows:

Above is the Cambridge University women's hockey side which lost to Oxford by one goal at Cambridge. Sitting: Diana Prigg (Newnham), Rachel Braithwaite (Newnham), Doreen Lovat-Williams (Girton; captain), Jessie Findlay (Newnham), June Richardson (Newnham). Standing: Gwen Davies (Girton), Mary Fox (Girton), Audrey Caple (Girton), Patricia Siddons-Wilson (Girton), Elizabeth Fowler (Newnham), Olga Rutherford (Girton)

All his friends will thank you for your note on poor old Fuzz. You don't say anything about the social side of his life. I always thought of him as what Kipling called the "pivotal fact" of all that was gay and bright in Calcutta. His hospitality to visiting polo teams will be remembered by many, and his part in the revels at "Golightly" was always a star turn. He and The Apostle always led the gallop and reminded me of George Grossmith's song about the mythical "Archie" who, at about the hour of four, was the sportsman underneath the tangled mass upon the floor! Happy days!

The foregoing demands a little elucidation for the benefit of those who do not, and did not, know that Old Calcutta of the piping times of peace. "Golightly" was the H.Q. of a small but select band, "The Unceremonials," and it was originally founded by, amongst others, the late Mr. Charlie Moore, who was a contemporary at Eton of that wonderful character, Lord William Beresford, and, later, a steeplechasing and racing contemporary. Speaking from memory, I think Mr. Henry Gladstone, a son of the G.O.M., was another of the founders of "Golightly". Anyway, it was a most cheery place, and, in some ways, a counterpart of "The Black Hearts" in Simla, which was more or less a dining-club. I wonder whether either of these quite outstanding institutions has survived the passage of the troublous years? It would be interesting to many another survivor if anyone would write and tell us. "The Apostle," also unfortunately dead, was Colonel E. C. Apostolidis, "Fuzzy's" brother-in-law, a gallant son of Hellas, who for many years commanded that famous band of warriors, the Calcutta Light Horse. He used to ride very hard in the local paperchases, which were, in fact, little less than steeplechases, and one year he very nearly won the Calcutta Paperchase Cup, which is, I should say, one of the roughest rides in the world. As my correspondent has remarked, "Happy days!" indeed! More or less recent letters from Hindustan have told me that none of the Old Brigade would recognise it, but the "Solar Myth" has not changed. It is still as hot as . . . !



Bassano

"Combined Operations" in One Family

The three Services are represented by the son and two daughters of Major B. H. H. Neven-Spence, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland. Second-Lieut. Neven Neven-Spence is in the Parachute Regiment; 3rd Officer Sunniva Neven-Spence is in the W.A.A.F.; and 3rd Officer Annette Neven-Spence, in the W.R.N.S., was on Mr. Churchill's staff at the Quebec Conference

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

True Saying

Too many true sayings come to be worn threadbare—so threadbare that nobody dare repeat them—before we have ever quite grasped their truth. That “one half of the world does not know how the other half lives” is a case in point. We may agree in theory that we are ignorant, or at least poorly informed, as to our fellow-creatures’ lives. In practice, it generally takes some incident, some apparently quite slight revelation, to make us feel our ignorance. We are then surprised.

In a sense, of course, we are not so ignorant as were our forefathers. The war, by shaking us out of our own grooves, by throwing us into working or living companionship with all sorts of strangely-assorted people, has been an eye-opener—and for those of us who remember 1914–18 this is happening for the second time. Even before 1939 few of us were quite lacking in social conscience. Reports, leading articles, documentary writing and, here and there, a case in the newspapers, brought to our notice what are called “bad conditions.” Unemployment, with its stagnancy and frustration; inadequate housing (long before bombs began) and the inadequacy for life, in the proper sense, in industrial cities, of what houses there were; the effects of overcrowding and underfeeding on millions of working-class people’s lives—these, as facts, have been far from unknown to us. But have they, perhaps, been facts that are difficult to comprehend imaginatively?

A single appeal to the imagination does more than table on table of statistics, volume on volume of reports. Dickens’s novels, for instance, broke down, in our well-to-do Victorian forefathers, a complacency against which the social reformers might have continued to thunder in vain. To us, less comfortably armour-plated, some of the Dickens pictures of social misery may well seem mawkish or over-melodramatic—but they spoke the language necessary for their own time.

Bill Naughton’s *A Roof Over Your Head* (Pilot Press; 7s. 6d.) speaks to us in the language of our time. It is a cry from the heart, rather than a complaint; it is less a muster of harsh facts or study of bad conditions than a picture of the effect of those facts and conditions on a group of individual human lives—those of a young man, his wife and their two small children in a Lancashire industrial town, in the years just before this war.

The Writer

“A Roof Over Your Head” is an autobiography that ranks high as a work of imagination. Does this sound contradictory? It should not—for autobiography is more than the enumeration of the events that have gone to make up a life; it is a contemplation of those events in relation to one another and to the man who lived through them

all; it is a search made by imagination through memory, to discover the inner meaning of what has happened. This process of imaginative search is present in all great autobiography, be it that of soldier, statesman, financier, traveller or artist. In this case, we find it in the autobiography of a young working man.

Mr. Naughton is Irish peasant by birth, Lancashire working-class by upbringing. It may be felt that his nationality sets him, to a degree, aside, by making a special case of him. In fact, it does not disqualify him to write of what he writes; but it does empower him to write in a particular way. He owes, for one thing, I think, to his extraction, a strong, traditional peasant feeling for what one might call, in the high sense, propriety. He is Irish in the strong Catholic influence that surrounded his childhood; in his idealistic, almost religious, feeling for family life, in the quickness of his emotional reflexes, in his self-questionings and capacity for remorse. Say, if you like, that he has a sense of sin. Not feeling himself without sin, he does not cast many stones.

That innate family feeling is a strong factor in a book concerned with the struggle to maintain a family life. Also, we find an underlying un-materialism, even anti-materialism—a model kitchen, a drying-cupboard and upstairs heating do not represent the height of his aspirations. He desires—yes—a roof over his and his children’s heads; but that roof is to cover a strong, sweet, natural growth. What he wants might



Mrs. Monica Felton's first novel, "To All Living," has just been published. Besides a distinguished academic career, she has been a member of the L.C.C. for South-West St. Pancras since 1937, and was for some time Chairman of the L.C.C. Early in the war she became a temporary Civil Servant, and was one of the only two women ever to have served as a Clerk of the House of Commons. Mrs. Felton recently resumed work in the Labour Party, and is considered an exceptionally good speaker

be summed up as *douceur de vivre*. He wanted to be the father, as he had been the child, of a good home. He shows, from time to time, the child of the good home’s expectations of life;

the belief, so hard to detach oneself from, in the existence of benevolent “grown-ups.” As here:

A man imagines there is a protective Society grown strong around him. A great tree of civilisation: Law, Churches and Pastors and Bishops, Wealth, Books, Buildings, Newspapers, Institutions, Democracy and Decency, Public Opinion, Good and Famous Men. He feels safe against injustice among all these. They wouldn’t see a family dragged down in starvation. But when the man goes to speak to this Society it is not as he imagined. The nearest he can get to it is the meeting of little individuals. These are fierce, busy and helpless. They have no time for him. He can yell, scream, moan or cry—Society does not hear. He might break windows; then they will lock him up.

This knowledge is inclined to take the cockiness out of him.

Near Up

MR. NAUGHTON was born to make himself a writer. I put it like this because I feel it is how he would wish it put. He was born with a certain awareness, vision, susceptibilities, and with also the Irish capacity for expression—but all these he developed by sheer hard work. (The sanity and austerity of his attitude towards writing might well be a lesson to many young aspirants who can afford to “sprout” and experiment under easy conditions, unlike

(Concluded on page 376)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NOBODY expects to be deliriously happy as they grow older. Ex-

perience has clamped down on too many deliriums for the heart easily to be deceived again. Peace—if you will—but happiness, in the sense the young expect happiness, is just a discarded dream.

“Frightfully negative,” the young declare as they go forward to meet Happiness with a whole list of demands. They have yet to learn that Happiness abhors a demand! She is much more a pleasantly Unobtrusive Neighbour than a Pin-Up Girl. She loathes the arrogant pusher. So usually she snubs him by snags and a subtle ability to throw a spanner in the works. Even when you seize her by the throat lest she escape, she has a clever way of leaving a kind of stimulating corpse on your hands.

The kind of person she really loves is the one who is thankful for the dimmer kind of joys—hopes deferred, thankfulness, the easily-contented heart—people who utter a paean when they are momentarily free from mental anxiety, foreboding, jealousy and the daily botheration of men, women and the commoner events. Someone, in fact, who does not scream for happiness, and is quite content if only immediate unhappiness will let him alone. A wretched anti-climax according to the screamer, but nevertheless thankfully accepted by those whom experience has taught that the best kind of happiness has no climax at all, the overt being invariably the best part of the show. The young, of course, long to skip overtures, waiting impatiently for the Great Scene. Anything other than Big Scenes are, of course, plain dope. And nothing will ever convince them that in life there is a good

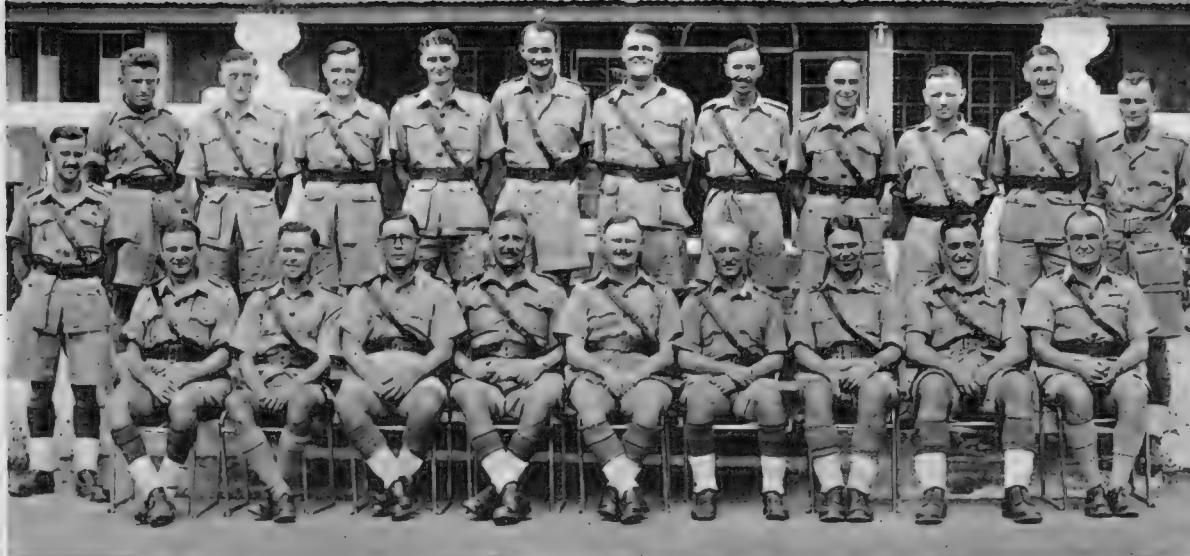
deal to be said for Plain Dope. Peace is “dopey”

—but what could be more blessed? Friendship hasn’t got the noisy clamour of Love, but it is far more soothing. Good health is only really noticeable when it is lost. A good book is usually far more exciting than a person. And music usually more lovely than anything uttered habitually by a wife.

Consequently, the life-wise refuse any longer to be inveigled up the garden path. They know that too many of the Garden Paths of Desire lead up to a dank fishpond. They find a certain happiness in taking things as they come—come what may. They no longer expect orchids, but they do notice and are grateful for the small flower which grows between the flagstone near the doorstep. No one else may notice it, but all the same it adds a tiny joy to life. Anyway, half the things which make for your contentment and happiness nobody notices at all. Somebody coming home; the setting sun seen through the lacework of winter trees; a letter from a friend; a little more money than you expected; a little less daily boredom than you dreaded; pleasant memories and a tiny wish easily realised. Half-a-hundred things, in fact, which years ago you would have taken in life’s stride and ignored them for the paltry satisfaction which seemed to be all their worth.

Yes, doesn’t life make your inner arrogance climb down?

However, it is much wiser to keep your wishes moderate than to go all out to realise a Big Dream. Big Dreams are always so temporary and, once ceasing to be a dream, can so easily break a heart.



*Officers of a Battalion
of The Nigeria Regiment*

Front row: Capts. Kidd, Mackie (R.A.M.C.), Major Knowles, Capt. Milne, Lt.-Col. R. E. F. R. Jones (C.O.), Major Pope, Capt. Jones, Simpson, Lt. (Q.M.) Mowbray. Back row: Lts. Mayes, Trombala, Barnes, Smith, Tarbitt, Remmey, Jones, Dobson, Walters, Waters, Edwards, Glass

On Active Service



Officers of a Chindit Brigade H.Q.

On ground: Capt. S. F. P. Rocke, Lt. F. J. G. Bird, Lt. S. D. R. Bukhari, Capt. Nyun Lwin, Capt. S. H. Thompson. Front row: Major G. W. Black, S/Ldr. J. P. Michell, Major I. R. Courtney, Col. E. G. Dutfield, Brig. L. E. C. M. Perowne, Majors J. F. F. Barnes, P. B. L. Nicholas, J. C. Long, S. Dagg. Middle row: Major B. G. Fell, Capt. R. B. M. Knight, Capt. J. F. Saunders, Lt. T. Clarke, Capt. R. A. F. Johnston, Capt. D. W. Logan, Lt. T. L. Gossage, Capt. C. S. Phillips, C. J. Young, R. T. Hesford, Lt. W. E. Walters, Major E. H. Green. Back row: Major G. S. Neville, Lts. G. Young, R. W. Heasman, D. B. Ritchie, Capt. D. Cameron, Lt. R. W. Bond, F/Lt. F. S. Salter, Lt. A. Oswell, Capt. J. Donnellan, Lt. P. Fuller, Capt. C. Mathes, Capt. P. Bywaters



Officers of a R.A.F. Unit in Iceland

Front row: F/O. C. J. L. Turner, F/Lt. P. A. Cross, S/Ldr. D. R. Billings (O.C.), F/Lt. F. W. Blair. Back row: S/Ldr. Rev. C. King, F/Os R. Boardman, M. Griffiths, H. Heaton



*C. Speight
Staff and Instructors of an Officers' Training School in England*

Right, front row: Capt. A. A. M. MacIlwaine, M.C., Capt. J. E. Pogson-Smith, Major H. D. Cooper, Lt.-Col. T. L. Horn, M.C., Capt. E. L. Gardiner, C. F. Whitaker, A. E. Aldridge. Back row: Capt. S. E. Jones, Lt. G. F. Ellis, Capt. E. J. Ray, S. F. Parsons, R. W. Hogg, D. B. Walshaw, W. H. T. Robertson, A. E. Higham

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

Film Show

THERE was an interested and appreciative audience in the Assembly Hall of the Royal Empire Society to see Miss Rosie Newman's colour film *Britain at War*, which was shown in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund.

Miss Newman has already raised over £13,000 for various charities by exhibiting this very true picture of life in Britain during this war. Pictures taken aboard a destroyer while on patrol with a convoy are included, and she has lately added pictures she took around D-Day, showing the embarkation of troops and equipment for the Normandy landings, paratroops dropping into action, and very good pictures of the air transport bringing our wounded straight back to Britain from the war fronts.

The Earl of Clarendon went on the platform with Miss Newman to give a short introduction to the film, and said that Miss Newman is the only woman who has been allowed aboard a destroyer on patrol, and that she was granted other very special facilities to make this film, which had taken over a year to produce.

Lady Allardice, chairman of the committee, was an early arrival to see that all was in readiness, and that her programme-sellers, who included the Hon. Enid Paget, in her American Red Cross uniform, and Miss Susan Winn, were assembled. Mme. Wellington Koo, looking charming in black with a small scarlet hat, arrived in good time and had a long talk with Monsieur Gouzev, the Soviet Ambassador. Mrs. Churchill, also in black, with a very attractive black velvet hat with high bows in front, arrived with her eldest daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, and Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, wearing the most wonderful high hat in black and white, was the centre of much admiration.

At the end Mrs. Churchill, who had only returned from Brussels the night before, thanked everyone for their support, and said she had just been seeing for herself how much the Y.W.C.A. were doing for our women in the Forces overseas, and how necessary funds were to enable them to carry on giving our women every care and comfort when they were off duty away from home.



Sportsman's Daughter Christened

Left : The baby daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Tallent was christened Sandra Elizabeth at Holy Trinity, Brompton, recently. Col. Tallent is the well-known Cambridge, Blackheath and England three-quarter; he married Greta Bremner, of Melbourne, in 1941



Military Wedding Next Month

Miss Brigid Francesca Ross, daughter of Capt. D. G. Ross, 5th/7th Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Ross, who has been driving for the F.A.N.Y. since September 1939, is to marry Capt. Charles Parnwell, Royal Fusiliers, on the 19th of next month, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Fayer



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

Mr. Naughton's own.) His self-education was carried out in the (often midnight) intervals of working in a mill, heaving coal or driving a lorry, or during the long and otherwise deadening interludes of unemployment. The sum total is, that he has enabled himself to make us feel what it feels like to lead the life that he, and thousands of other youths of his age, led.

He can describe, for instance, the sensation of weeks of more or less non-stop hunger—more felt in the head, in aches and dizziness, he says, than actually in the stomach. He can describe what might be called the *climate* of continuous and extreme poverty. He can do full justice to the escapades, the light-headed nonsense devices, by which one keeps one's balance, or into which one escapes. (One of his most excellent chapters is called "Fiddling.")

One main impression left on me by *A Roof Over Your Head* is that to be very poor is to be very near to life. No veils of sympathetic, discreet "arrangement" divided this young man from the physical processes of birth and death—he assisted, in fact, at the birth of his third child. He had married and was the father of two children at an age when other young men, in peacetime, are still at the University. We may denounce him for marrying without means of support. But—dare we? Life has imperatives that, to the simple soul, may still seem to be stronger than economics. We belong to, or are watching, a generation that for faith's sake is not hesitating to die. Can we blame a man who, in faith's name, has not hesitated to live?

Old China

"ENGLISH POTTERY AND CHINA," by Cecilia Sempill ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.), will be a delight to all those brought up in the "old china" tradition; and, practically, a help to would-be collectors, on however humble a scale. Many of us instinctively, or sometimes associatively, love china, without knowing as much about it as we could wish. China—as Lady Sempill's whole book shows—was meant to be part of life; she shows, too, *what* a part, and equally how expressive, of English life English china has been. Those charming, round-topped niches and alcoves one finds in the living-rooms of eighteenth-century houses show the ideal relation, once, between china and our family life: it was then both useful and ornamental; on view between times of being in use.

And to live among china, to be allowed to dust it, to expend pocket-money on cracked, stitched but still lovely oddments found on the half-a-crown trays in junk shops—this still, it seems to me, should be part of the education of a child.

The purpose of this book [Lady Sempill says] is not to discuss the merits of the finest examples of English ceramics, or to compare them with the work of other countries; rather its aim is to bring to the fore all that is individual in the work of English potters, and all that is peculiar to, and typical of, this country.

Pottery has always been a universal craft, closely allied to the lives of the people and very characteristics of different races. It is indigenous to this country, and we have all the essentials here in profusion. . . . It has remained an intimate and personal industry, and even when its reputation became worldwide the personal thread never disappeared.

It was in the thirteenth century that distinctive shapes first appear in English pottery, and in the two centuries following there was to be a development of Chaucerian "robust, generous and hearty" shapes. Then came slipware, whose decoration was, in technique, not unlike that of an iced cake. Majolica and delft were to show the acclimation in England of, respectively, Italian and Dutch influences—the Chinese influence came later. Salt-glazed stoneware appeared in the seventeenth century; and reached the height of its beautiful evolution in Staffordshire round about 1750. It was to Josiah Wedgwood that pottery owed its final sophistication—but, also, its unbroken thread of tradition throughout the "bad" nineteenth century. To porcelain, in all its English varieties, Lady Sempill devotes the second half of her book. On the subjects of shape, ornamentation, glazing and firing she has much that is fascinating to say.

Australian Vineyard

"ONE HALF SO PRECIOUS," by Audrey Francis (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.), is an enjoyable and very well-written novel about the fortunes of the Chesterton family in Southern Australia, as founded by the original Saul and Adela, the eloping English rector's son and squire's daughter, who in 1850 landed at Port Adelaide, to adventure all they had. The Glencreek cellars are to become famous, though at the price of no little energy, self-sacrifice and occasional heartbreak. As a study of wine-growing in Australia, the book, with its vivid manner, would be interesting in itself: to it, however, is added a family chronicle, told with excellent swiftness. The characters are all interesting; several are sympathetic—I still liked wily, courageous little Victorian Adela best of all; though she has a rival in the more modern Bunny.

Inside Stories

THE thirty-one stories that compose Bernard Newman's collection, *The Spy Catchers* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), all have the most intriguing air of giving away secrets. This, though in fiction form, is a work on counter-espionage. The point Mr. Newman most interestingly, and frequently, stresses is that the spy's main difficulty is not in obtaining information, but in finding means to send this out of the country. He throws light on means by which this is done.

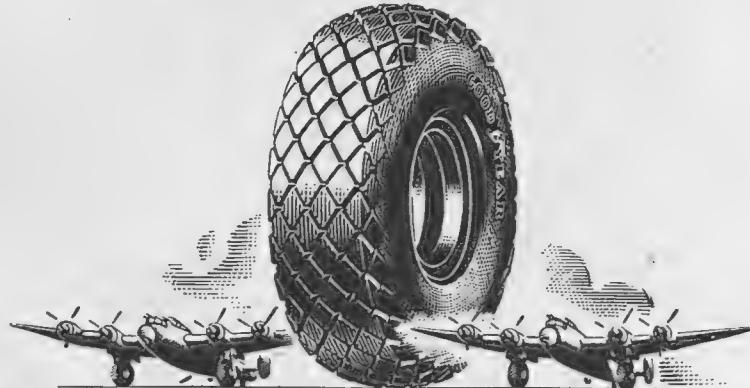


Radio Gillette calling! Hullo, to all of you back home. We can take it, out here. Blue Gillettes are temporarily 'out of action'. Meanwhile, at home, you'll find the Standard Gillette Blade can take it, too—on the chin! They're steeling our morale. As keen as ever—though a bit deployed!

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Sometimes difficult to get—but always worth finding. Production still restricted.



The heavies would never go to Berlin

Most of us are apt to take many of the wonders of our present-day world quite for granted. Few people realise, for example, that the heavy bombers winging their way to Berlin could never have reached the remarkable stage of performance that they have without pneumatic tyres to smooth their thunderous

take-off, to cushion their terrific landing impact.

Giant pneumatic tyres were developed and pioneered by Goodyear. To examine the records of the never-ending research that went into the production of these remarkable tyres is like reading a case-book of the history of Progress itself.

Another

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No more expert guidance can be offered than the selection of "Black & White" as a tonic. This skilfully blended fine old Scotch Whisky relieves the strain and stress of the present time.

It's the Scotch!

"BLACK & WHITE"



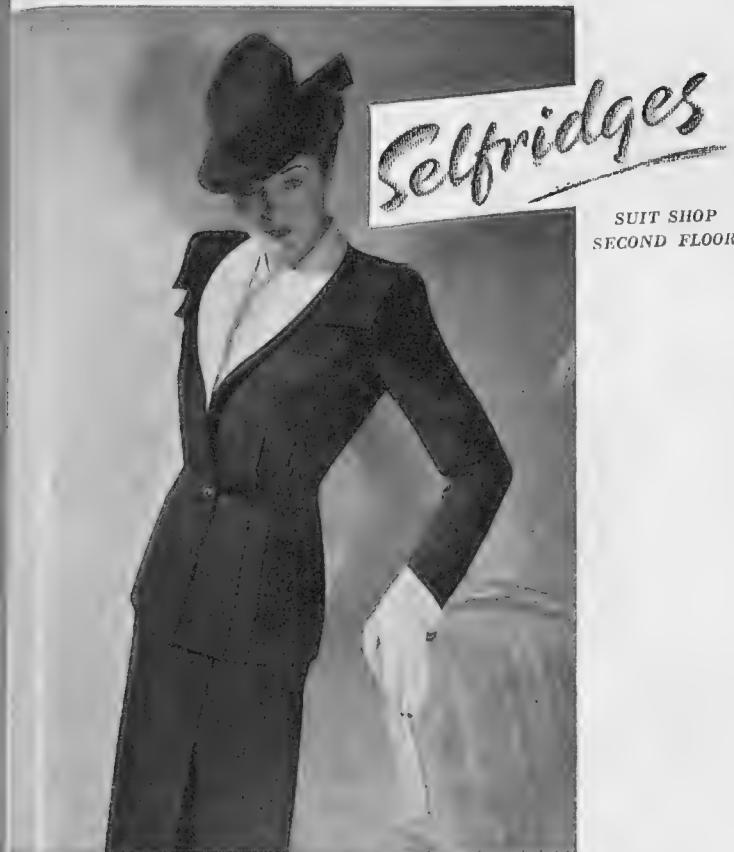
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ILFORD

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

SIMON BOLIVAR, the great South American liberator was scheduled to pass the night in a small Peruvian town. His aide sent word to the local innkeeper, asking that "a room be prepared with special accommodations, food, etc., etc."

Arriving in the village Bolivar was shown the best room in the hotel. After he had expressed approval, the great man was conducted into an adjoining room where sat three lovely señoritas.

"And who are these young ladies?" Bolivar asked.

"The three et ceteras," replied his host.

DURING a battle in North Africa an Italian general found one of his men hiding in a hole in the earth.

"Get out and fight!" roared the general.

"But, general," replied the trembling soldier timidly, "I found it first."

A MAN was placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, when he noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a grave near by.

"When do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?" asked the white man.

The old Chinaman replied, with a gentle smile:

"Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

A YOUNG woman hurried into a new delicatessen store in her neighbourhood to pick up some things on her way home from the office. The man behind the counter strove to please her in every way, going to considerable trouble to make a careful selection of each item. When she thanked him for his painstaking service, he said, cheerily: "Oh, that's all right, miss. There's our motto." He waved at a printed card on the wall: "Our Best is None too Good."

At a country railway station a traveller asked if he might leave his box there while he was away. The porter said: "Certainly, sir, but you had better put a label on it."

The traveller said he was afraid he had not got one, but after searching for some time in his pockets he produced an old pack of playing cards and said: "Here, stick this king of hearts on."

About an hour later he returned and met the porter who was grinning and chuckling. The traveller asked him what was the joke, and the man replied: "Well, sir, just after you'd gone a gentleman came along and took an ace of hearts out of his pocket. He put it on top of your king and went off with the box."

THE two tramps sat with their backs to an old oak tree. Before them was a rippling stream. The day was delightful, yet one of them looked disconsolate.

"You know, Jim," he mused, "this business of tramping your way through life is not what it's cracked up to be. Think it over; nights on park benches or in a cold barn. Travelling on goods trains and always dodging the police. Being kicked from one town to another. Wondering where your next meal is coming from. Wandering, unwanted everywhere, sneered at by your fellow men. . . ."

His voice trailed off as he sighed heavily. His companion shifted slightly.

"Well," said the second tramp, "if that's the way you feel, why don't you go and find yourself a job?"

The first sat up with a jerk.

"What?" he scowled. "And admit that I'm a failure?"

THIS one is taken from *Shell Magazine, London*:

There is not a great deal of leisure at sea these days, but at least one vessel managed and operated by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, has solved the problem of what to do in off-duty spells during a voyage, and it is no exaggeration to say that aboard this ship there is never a dull moment. For example, a typical week's entertainment is something like this: Sunday, quiz and surprise bag; Monday, tombola; Tuesday, dart championship; Wednesday, whist drive; Friday, spelling bee; Saturday, debate or talk on current affairs.

I said: "What happens on Thursday?"

"Oh," was the reply, given without the batting of an eyelid, "that's the day we steer the ruddy ship!"

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PHILLIPS'
Magnesia
CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM
CLEANSING CREAM



Supplies are
now available in
Strictly Limite
Quantities



Ralph

Ruth Naylor, the Australian-born singer, who is now starring opposite Cyril Ritchard in "Gay Rosalinda" at the Palace Theatre, first came to this country at the instigation of Dame Nellie Melba. Dame Melba took a great interest in Ruth Naylor, when, as a child pianist she performed in Adelaide. Miss Naylor is already known to opera lovers but this is the first occasion in which she has taken part in light operetta on the West End stage



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NO PINS
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Peggy Sage hopes ...

that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. Many of the ingredients essential to the making of fine polishes are also essential in war industry, but as peace draws nearer it is possible that small supplies of these components may be released. The Peggy Sage salon continues to give its clients every possible attention.

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TO WEAR MY
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Perfect for Spring . . . man-tailored Jumper Suit in grey flannel accented with white collar and belt. Note the unusual fan pockets.
Sizes: 12 and 14. Hips: 35 and 37.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Speed Claims

HITHERTO the contest in speed claims has been confined to Great Britain and America, each alternately stating that it is producing the fastest fighter in the world. On March 8th the situation was vastly complicated when the Russians came out with the same claim, thus turning it into a three-cornered contest.

British claims have mostly been founded on late marks of the Spitfire or on the Tempest. The Air Ministry statement about the Gloster Meteor, twin-jet aircraft, did not say what its top speed was, though it did say that it could fly faster than the German flying bombs, and it can be inferred therefore, that it can fly at least 425 miles an hour. American claims have mostly been founded on versions of the Mustang, some of the versions with Packard-built Merlin engines. The new Soviet claim is founded on an unspecified Lavotchkine fighter. It is a sweeping claim, reading as follows: "The Lavotchkine is the fastest fighter plane in action anywhere today." Now we know that the Tempest does 435 miles an hour and that the German Messerschmitt 163 rocket-driven interceptor fighter does a good deal more than 500 miles an hour. So if the Soviet claim is correct, the Lavotchkine must be doing 600 miles an hour or more. Unfortunately no details are given and the only references I have to Lavotchkine fighters show top speeds of well under 400 miles an hour. The photographs I have seen of these machines do not suggest ultra-high speeds.

Figures or Silence

MAY I suggest with all due respect to the authorities of the three great Allies, that claims for superiority in speed in fighter or other kinds of aircraft are hollow unless they are backed with well accredited figures? The best way to establish a claim for speed pre-eminence is to obtain a world's or international record. There are prescribed rules for the obtaining of these records and these rules ensure that the speed is obtained under controlled conditions.

If it is decided that speeds must be regarded as a military secret during the war, then let us refrain from



R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. Alliance

W/Cdr. Laurence Jessop, O.B.E., D.F.C., and S/O. Daphne Harrison, W.A.A.F., were married in London recently. He has served with distinction in the R.A.F. Intelligence Branch, and his bride is the twin sister of Flt/Capt. Winifred Fair, a well-known A.T.A. pilot

making absurd claims. Nobody who knows aviation pays much attention to a speed claim that is not backed up by fairly detailed figures. Until we have all the figures and can make a considered judgment, I would guess that the Germans have the fastest fighters in the world at the present moment. I think that their 163 is a step up in speed on anything else, and this view receives some support from the facts issued by the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

Jet Makers

IN the statement issued by this Ministry on jet aircraft, by the way, singularly little was said either about the Rolls-Royce jet units which are used in the Gloster Meteor or about the de Havilland (made by General Electric) jet units in the Lockheed Shooting Star. For a great many people that statement was the first news that these two famous companies, Rolls-Royce Ltd., and the de Havilland Engine Company Ltd., were turning out jet units.

In the debate on the Air Estimates in the House of Commons, Mr. Montague mentioned the Lockheed and suggested that it could do 720 miles an hour or more. It sounds a high speed, but it is the kind of

speed that may be expected from jet fighters in the not very distant future. As Air Commodore Barrington mentioned it takes only about one third the time to develop a jet unit compared with the ordinary engine airscrew combination. So there ought to be a fairly drastic jump in speeds soon.

Speech

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR made a good impression with his speech on the Air Estimates. But the time will come when the Government policy about civil air lines is announced. The famous—I almost say "notorious"—White Paper, if it is what rumour says it will be, is going to have a rough handling unless the critics have completely lost their grip.

Personally I think that the Air Ministry is also in dangerous ground in the matter of Heath Row. I looked up the original statement in Hansard about the site and there is no doubt that the indication was given that the land was being requisitioned for war purposes. It will be a little difficult to justify switching it to B.O.A.C. purposes.

Cars and Tyres

SOME details have been given by Mr. Phillips about the future plans for getting motor cars on their feet again. The plans seem eminently sensible and they do not make the mistake of under-estimating the difficulties our manufacturers will face. Mr. Phillips performed a valuable service when he straightened the expectation about the time when the really new models will begin to appear. The point is that there will be new cars quite soon after the war is over; but the really new model, which will make the others look like something out of the Ark, will not appear for about two and a half years, and when it does appear it will represent an advance of eight or nine years in taste.

One curious fact is that the synthetic tyre which those of us who still have to motor have come to know and to dislike, gives a less good fuel consumption rate than the tyre of natural rubber. Nevertheless it is obvious that we may have to do with synthetic tyres for a long time to come. And anyhow they are being improved gradually as their failings come to be understood and investigated. Mr. Phillips has also given a sternly practical forecast of post-war prices. We cannot expect the very cheap car without the very flat tooling—that is what it amounts to.



A
Lady in Black
MODEL

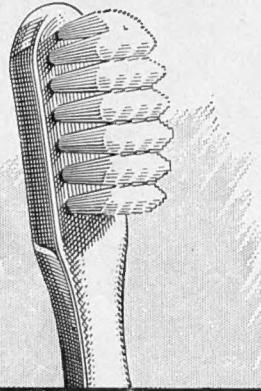
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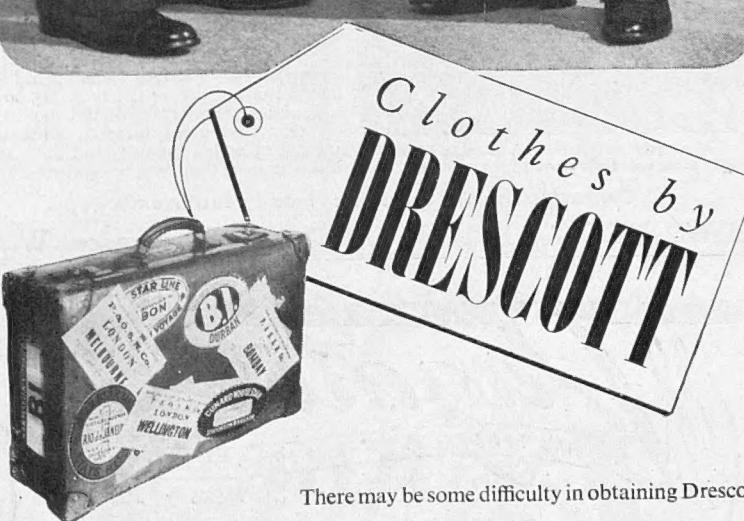
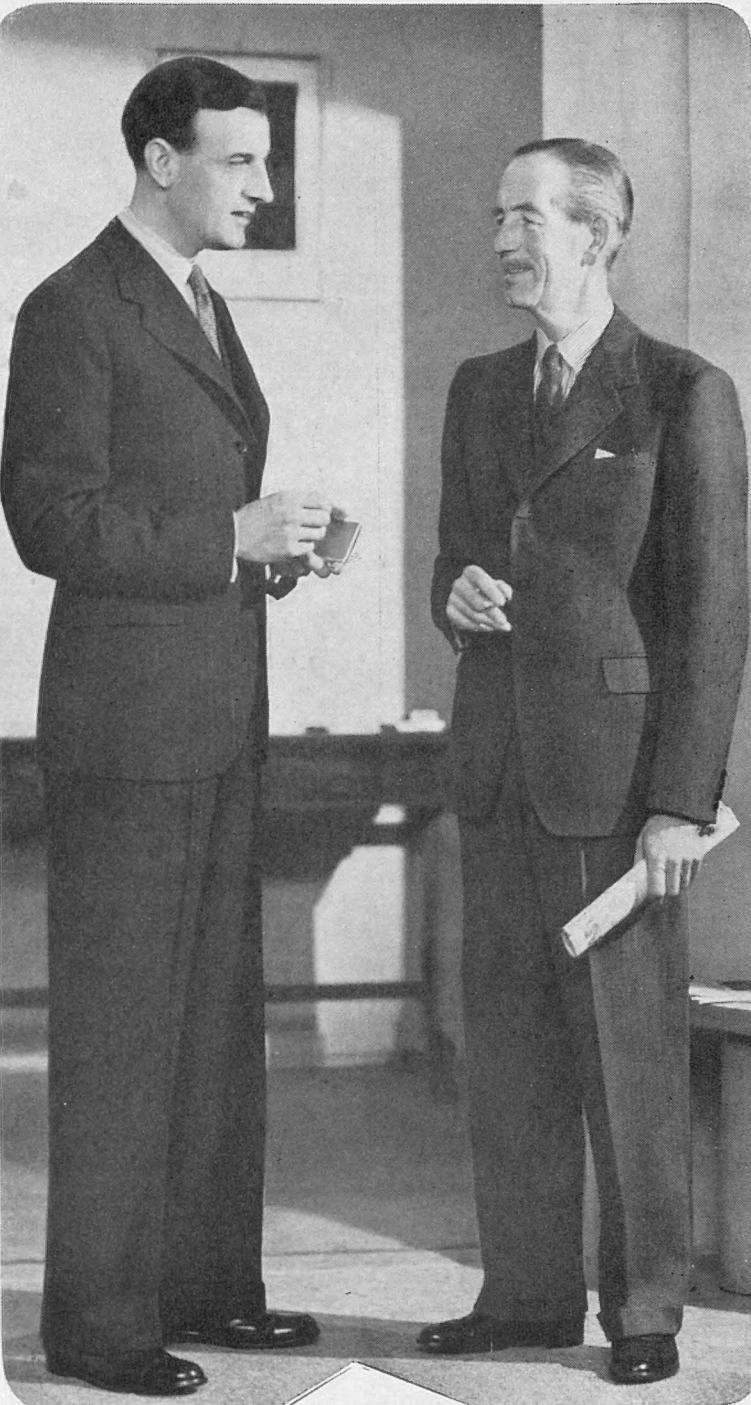
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THE BEAUTY OF
Celanese
IS ITS
QUALITY



The prospect of plain Lingerie was a little depressing to those who loved the exquisite pre-war Lingerie in 'Celanese'. But you will find present-day Lingerie is lovely still—for the eye can now appreciate fully the beauty of the Fabric itself.

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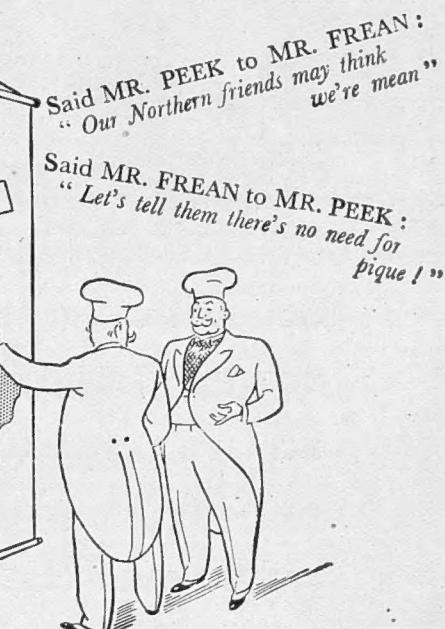
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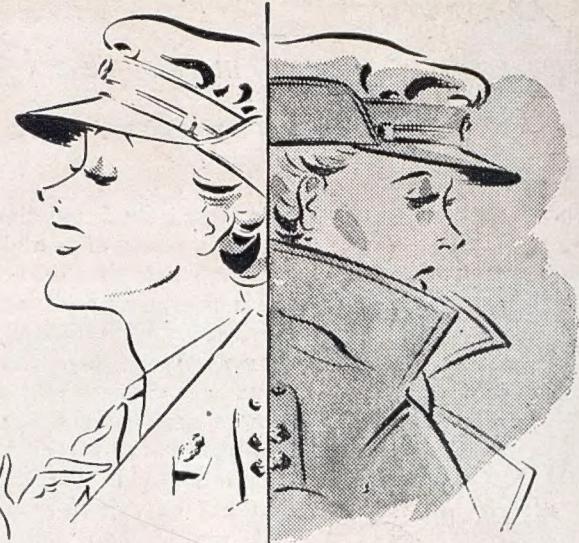
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